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THE
HORN-BOOK,

A

P O E M.

Thomas Tickle

By THOMAS TICKLE, Esq;



Printed for CHARLES CORBET at *Addison's Head* in
Fleet-street.

[Price Six-Pence.]

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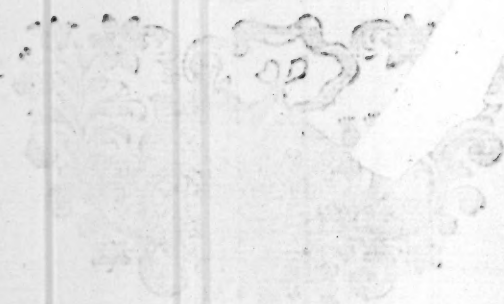
Alexander Cochrane

of Boston

HORN-BOOK

P O E M

THOMAS TUCKER



Printed for Charles C. Cochrane
Boston
[Price 25 Cents]

A POEM in Praise of the HORN-BOOK.

HAIL! *Antient Book*, most *Venerable Code*!
 Learning's *first Cradle*, and it's *last Abode*!
 The huge unnumber'd *Volumes* which we see,
 By *lazy Plagiaries* are stol'n from *Thee*.
 Yet future *Times*, to *thy sufficient Store*,
 Shall ne'er presume to add *one Letter* more.

Thee will I sing in *comely Wainscot* bound,
 And *Golden Verge* enclosing *thee* around ;
 The *faithful Horn* before, from *Age to Age*,
Preserving thy invaluable Page ;
 Behind, thy *Patron Saint* in *Armour* shines,
 With *Sword and Lance*, to guard thy *sacred Lines*:
 Beneath his *Courser's Feet* the *Dragon lies*
Transfix'd; his *Blood* thy *scarlet Cover* dies ;
 Th' *instructive Handle's* at the *Bottom* fix'd,
 Lest wrangling *Criticks* shou'd pervert the *Text*.

Or if to *Ginger-Bread* thou shalt descend,
 And *Liquorish Learning* to thy *Babes* extend ;
 Or *Sugar'd Plane* o'erspread *with beaten Gold*,
 Does the sweet *Treasure of Thy Letters* hold ;
 Thou still shalt be my *Song*----- *Apollo's Choir*
 I *scorn* t' invoke ; *Cadmus* my *Verse* inspire.
 'Twas *Cadmus*, who the *first Materials* brought
 Of all the *Learning* which has since been taught,
Soon made compleat! for *Mortals* ne'er shall know
 More than contain'd of old the *Christ-Cross-Row*;
 What

What Masters dictate, or what Doctors preach,
 Wife Matrons *hence*, e'en to our Children teach.
 But as the Name of ev'ry Plant and Flow'r
 (So common that each Peasant knows its Pow'r)
 Physicians in mysterious Cant express,
 T' amuse the Patient, and enhance their Fees;
 So from the Letters of our Native Tongue,
 Put in *Greek* Scrauls, a Myst'ry too is sprung,
 Schools are erected, puzzling Grammars made,
 And artful Men strike out a gainful Trade,
 Strange Characters adorn the Learned Gate,
 And heedless Youth catch at the shining Bait.
 The *pregnant* Boys the noisy Charms declare,
 And **Tau's*, and *Delta's*, make their Mothers stare;
 Th' uncommon Sounds amaze the Vulgar Ear,
And what's Uncommon never costs too dear.
 Yet in all Tongues the HORN-BOOK is the same,
 Taught by the *Grecian Master*, or the *English Dame*.

But how shall I thy endless Virtues tell,
 In which *Thou* dost all other Books excell?
 No *greasy Thumbs thy spotless Leaf* can foil,
 Nor *crooked Dogs-Ears thy smooth Corners* spoil;
 In idle Pages no *Errata* stand,
 To tell the Blunders of the Printer's Hand:
 No *fulsome Dedication* here is writ,
 Nor flatt'ring Verse, to praise the Author's Wit:
 The *Margin* with no tedious Notes is vex'd,
 Nor *Various Readings* to confound the Text:
 All Parties in thy *lit'ral* Sense agree,
 Thou perfect Center of Concordancy!

* The *Greek* Letters T, Δ.

Search we the Records of an ancient Date,
Or read what modern Histories relate,
They all proclaim what Wonders have been done
By the *plain Letters* taken as they run.

“ * Too high the Floods of Passion us'd to roll,
“ And rend the *Roman* Youth's impatient Soul;
“ His hasty Anger furnish'd Scenes of Blood,
“ And frequent Deaths of Worthy Men ensu'd:
“ In vain were all the weaker Methods try'd,
“ None could suffice to stem the furious Tide,
“ Thy *Sacred Line* he did but once repeat,
“ And laid the Storm, and cool'd the raging Heat.

Thy *Heav'nly Notes*, like Angels Musick, cheer
Departing Souls, and sooth the dying Ear.
An Aged Peasant, on his latest Bed,
Wish'd for a Friend some godly Book to read;
The pious Grandson *Thy* known *Handle* takes,
And (Eyes lift up) this fav'ry Lecture makes:
Great A, he gravely read; th' important Sound
The empty Walls and hollow Roof rebound:
Th' expiring Antient rear'd his drooping Head,
And thank'd his Stars that *Hodge* had learn'd to Read.
Great B, the Younger bauls; O heavenly Breath!
What Ghostly Comforts in the Hour of Death!
What Hopes I feel! *Great C*, pronounc'd the Boy
The Grandfire dies with Extasy of Joy.

Yet in some Lands such Ignorance abounds,
Whole Parishes scarce know thy *useful* Sounds.

* The Lines thus “ mark'd, describe the Advice given to *Augustus*, by *Atbenodorus* the Stoick Philosopher, who desired the Emperor neither to say nor do any Thing till he had first said over the *Alphabet*, or Letters of the *Horn-Book*; the strict Observance of this Rule would be the Means to make his Passion fall, and prevent any rash Words or Actions.

Of *Essex-Hundreds* Fame gives this Report,
 But Fame, I ween, says many Things in Sport.
 Scarce lives the Man to whom *Thou'rt* quite unknown,
 Tho' few th' Extent of *thy vast Empire* own.
 Whatever Wonders Magick Spells can do
 On Earth, in Air, in Sea, in Shades below;
 What Words profound and dark wise *Mab'met* spoke,
 When *his old Cow* an ANGEL's *Figure* took *;
 What strong Enchantments sage *Canidia* knew,
 Or *Horace* sung, fierce Monsters to subdue,
 O mighty Book, are all contain'd in You! }
 All human Arts, and ev'ry Science meet,
 Within the Limits of thy single Sheet:
 From thy vast Root all Learning's Branches grow,
 And all her Streams from *thy deep Fountain* flow.
 And lo! while thus thy Wonders I indite,
 Inspir'd I feel the Pow'r of which I write;
 The gentler Gout his former Rage forgets,
 Less frequent now, and less severe the Fits;
 Loose grow the *Chains* which bound my useless Feet;
 Stiffness and Pain from ev'ry Joint retreat;
 Surprizing Strength comes every Moment on,
 I *stand*, I *step*, I *walk*, and now I *run*.
 Here let me cease, my hobbling Numbers stop,
 And at † thy Handle hang my Crutches up.

*. See the Chapter *Of the Cow*, in the *Alcoran*.

† *Voriva Tabula*. Hor.

[7]

T H E R S I T E S:

O R,

The L O R D L I N G.

The Grandson of a Bricklayer; Great Grandson of a Butcher.

AN unnatural Conjunction of Vices and Fol-
lies, inconsistent with each other, in the same
Breast: Furious and fawning, scurrilous and
flattering, cowardly and provoking, insolent and
abject; most profligately False, with the strongest
Professions of Sincerity; positive and variable, ty-
rannical and flavish.

The same Versify'd.

TH E R S I T E S of amphibious Breed,
Motly Fruit of Mongrel Seed:
By the Dam from Lordlings sprung,
By the Sire exhal'd from Dung:
Think on ev'ry Vice in Both,
Look on him, and see their Growth.

View him on the Mother's Side,
Fill'd with Falshood, Spleen and Pride;
Positive and over-bearing,
Changing still, and still adhering.
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward;
Fierce in Tongue, in Heart a Coward.
When his Friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their Pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest Friendship swearing.
Judgment weak, and passion strong;
Always various, always wrong:

Provocation

Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates.
Talks whate'er comes in his Head,
Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the Vices trace,
From his Father's scoundrel Race,
Who cou'd give the Looby such Airs?
Were they Mafons? Were they Butchers?
Herald lend the Muse an Answer,
From his Atavus and Grandfire;
This was dext'rous at his Trowel,
That was bred to kill a Cow well:
Hence the greazy clumsy Mien,
In his Dress and Figure seen:
Hence that mean and sordid Soul,
Like his Body, rank and foul:
Hence that wild suspicious Peep,
Like a Rogue that steals a Sheep:
Hence he learn'd the Butcher's Guile,
How to cut a Throat and smile:
Like a Butcher doom'd for Life,
In his Mouth to wear his Knife.
Hence he draws his daily Food,
From his Tenant's vital Blood.

Lastly, let his Gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the Mafon-Side.
Some, perhaps, may think him able
In the State to build a *Babel*;
Cou'd we place him in a Station
To destroy the Old Foundation.
True indeed I shou'd be gladder
Cou'd he learn to mount a Ladder.
May he at his latter End
Mount alive, and dead descend.
In him, tell me, which prevail,
Female Vices most, or Male?
What produc'd them, can you tell?
Human Race, or Imp of Hell?

F I N I S.